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In Memoriam

308

Z.

Box 29



REV. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, D. D.

Address

BY

The Rt. Rev. Alexander H. Hinton, D. D.,

BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

DELIVERED AT A SERVICE HELD IN

St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge, Mass.,

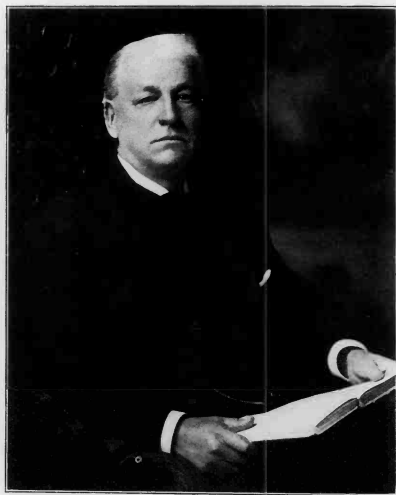
OCTOBER 3RD, 1909,

In Memory of

The Rev. Arthur Lawrence, D. D.,

FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS RECTOR

OF THIS PARISH.



REV. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, D. D.

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308

2

Box 29

April 1, 1916. B. B.

We are gathered in this House of God today, united in heart and mind, carrying with us, through the progress of divine worship, remembrance of one beloved of us all.

God has taken from you a rector and from me a friend; our affections are sorely bereaved. But He has drawn into the larger reaches of eternal life a loving son and placed him in closer relation to the Divine Master whom he served and adored; wherefore we rejoice, though it be through tears.

It might well seem presumptuous in me to stand here, when in memory you still see him who so lately occupied this pulpit, and try to tell you anything of one who was your parish priest for a longer time than I have been in the ministry.

How can I know Arthur Lawrence, priest and doctor, as you have known him? I don't pretend to. I confess my limitations and rejoice that another, once our own diocesan, bound by family ties and speaking

from intimate knowledge, is here to tell you of personal traits and experience beyond my power of presentation.

But, apart from the fact that as Bishop it is my purpose to speak from the diocesan standpoint, there is this to be said: Where love is concerned it never tires of hearing the beloved one extolled. It may pity the inadequacy of comprehension and lament the lack of fitting expression; but, out of compassion for a kindred affection endeavouring to give itself utterance, it listens sympathetically until appreciation of the common bond silences the voice of criticism—the stumbling phrases that feel their way to a heart's revelation are welcomed and understood.

Moreover, it sometimes happens in the case of those whose blessings in family life have been extraordinary, that the singular harmony and beauty of their relations have been accepted as ordinary. Children in the sheltered happiness of a home where Christian parents dwell in unity, without personal knowledge of differently constituted households, take for granted that theirs is the usual condition. The virtues, the graces, the sweet and holy affections of father and mother are treated as a matter of course,

the trifling foibles and insignificant infirmities of human nature these exhibit receive the greater attention. The voice of the outsider congratulating them upon their lot has astonished; and it has required the discipline of separation or the bitter experience of after years in the world to bring conviction of the inestimable riches they have possessed and, through ignorance of their rarity, too lightly esteemed.

So it can be with priests and with parishes: A long established association, like that of a family in sweet and affectionate happiness can deprive either one or the other of a sensitive recognition of what this means in life; how precious it is. Unfamiliarity with other conditions gives to one's own situation a false estimate. The basic blessings are ignored and the transient irritations occupy the thought. Hence have arisen searchings of heart, chafing criticism and final rupture. Priest or parish seeking by the sundering of the old and entering upon a new connection to get, in addition to the previous good things assumed to come naturally, the vague something else considered essential.

Alas, every bishop can tell you the story of subsequent awakening to irrecoverable loss and remorseful

confession, when too late, of dull-witted sacrifice to inordinate desires.

Thirty-seven years ago Arthur Lawrence came to St. Paul's, Stockbridge, and he served his parish and loved his people wholly, unto the end. Lookers on were differently moved by the sight of this devotion. Some rejoiced at the witness given to an ideal relation of Christian priest and flock which the temptation of a career could not change nor the lapse of years affect. Others wondered how a man so remarkably endowed could be willing to spend his life in one place and forbid worldly ambition to intrude upon the serenity of an unselfish ministry.

Of course invitations to larger cures came, and, had your rector been otherwise constituted, they would insistently have followed him. But he was loyal to you, to Stockbridge and all the countryside. Here the events of life which try the soul came to him, here the intimacies of friendship established their rights, here the sick, the suffering, the poor, the bereft and him that hath no helper were found out and ministered to. All through the adjacent region his active sympathies reached and the Church was justified of her ways in the eyes of the censorious, as this man

in holy orders preached the gospel of Jesus Christ, administered the sacraments and ordinances of our communion and set a beautiful example of humble faith and Christian principle as he went about doing good.

Who can forget that noble presence, the splendid manhood which wore on its chastened countenance the gentleness of Christian benevolence and resignation? Can we not hear yet that wonderful voice coming to us in the services of the Church reading God's word as a believer, in tones charged with feeling, and interpreting its meaning by a reverent intelligence? The prayers, too, offered with a sense of common worship, free from the indecencies of oratorical artifice or the intrusion of egotistical affectation.

When Dr. Lawrence was the appointed preacher before the Convention of the undivided diocese, all flocked about him at the conclusion of the service to say how the inspiring word had been spoken and the spirits of the hearers stirred by the fervour of the discourse. I remember well the scene.

Although the elder generation of my family and that of Dr. Lawrence were drawn together in close attachment, we saw each other seldom in the days

when there was but one diocese. I like to remember, however, that when at Boston he was sent as Deputy to the General Convention, I had ventured to upset the plans of the ecclesiastical politicians by breaking my usual silence and putting his name before the house in a nominating speech. It needed but a word to convince the members of the fitness of the action, though it overthrew what had become inveterate custom; and once a deputy, re-election properly followed. Though he spoke but seldom in the great legislative body of the Church, Dr. Lawrence was always listened to with attention and his words were persuasive. He was put upon important committees and regarded with admiration.

When the Diocese of Western Massachusetts was set off and organized, it could not be otherwise than that Dr. Lawrence should rank chief among its clergy. He was made president of the Standing Committee and head of the delegation sent to the General Convention. He was an indispensable member of the Board of Diocesan Missions, and offices of dignity, trust and honor were offered him more than he was willing to accept.

It was a great thing for the new diocese, poor, distracted, with a large territory, scattered congregations, and no sense of corporate life, half unwilling to stand alone and somewhat uncertain of the future, to have such a splendid spiritual asset as the rector of St. Paul's, Stockbridge.

Dr. Lawrence was next to our senior priest then, in tenure of office; he knew his Berkshire thoroughly and was known of it; he had been Archdeacon and he loved the people, his Church and his State. He was a man of influence, of personal power, of large views, generous mind and wide-reaching sympathies. Consequently, he gave of what he had and was to the up-building of the infant organism in wholesome strength and growth.

My tribute of gratitude can be but imperfectly paid, as Bishop, for all the help cheerfully given, and the solicitous interest displayed by my friend whose hospitable home was so freely opened to me, while his attentive ear listened to my story when I came with problems and plans, on journeyings to and fro.

It must be here related that to Dr. Lawrence we owe an invaluable possession—our Diocesan Missionary. Immediately upon traversing my field for the

first time, it was evident that such an auxiliary force was necessary to accomplish what should be done for the unchurched and scattered Church folk within this jurisdiction. But, with a heavy heart, I dared not ask the authorities, just realizing their financial responsibilities, to assume the additional expense of such a coadjutor at the very beginning of diocesan life. Dr. Lawrence heard my lament, said nothing then, but soon after, pledged me five hundred dollars for three years toward the salary of a Missionary, desiring that his own name be not associated with the proposition or gift. It was not simply the money, it was that with the co-operative spirit, which cheered; and to raise the remainder of the stipend was easy—comparatively. Thereafter, when our first Diocesan Missionary was called to the episcopate, your rector let me take his curate as successor—most fortunate selection for us all.

Too much cannot be said of the beautiful spirit wherewith Dr. Lawrence cared for the needs of his brethren in the ministry. Personal freedom from anxiety for the morrow as to wherewithal one shall be fed or clothed, served not in the least to make him oblivious of the hardships most of the clergy in small

parishes must endure with fortitude and patience. He would send me a check at Christmas to be divided among the families of some in charge of mission stations; he has helped me in providing for the necessities of those overtaken by misfortune, sickness or distress. He was particularly concerned for the infirm and aged clergy, the widows and orphans, being in charge of the Diocesan Fund for them, contributing thereto and speaking in behalf of better payment to the active ministers, as opportunity offered.

So very human, with the best qualities of our race, Dr. Lawrence felt keenly the changes that took from him contemporaries in the diocese and introduced new faces he did not know.

A dear friend of many years' standing was the Rev. John C. Brooks, rector of Christ Church, Springfield, and it was a notable occasion in the life of the young diocese when Mr. Brooks celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his rectorship in the see city. About him had gathered for the commemoration a goodly array of bishops and priests, companions and associates of the years flown by, and each had his appreciative word to say, his token of regard to bring to the celebrant.

But of all the addresses made, that of your rector left the lasting impression on my memory. It was spoken with intense feeling, and it deserves quotation here as applicable to his own case.

"A strong ministry is a long one, and we must protest against the modern idea that a man wears out in the ministry. It is but the unrest of our present day demand for changes. The greatest honour is one which time alone can give. A man may leap to military fame in a day, or be raised up to be a bishop of a diocese in an hour, but neither can rank beside him who wears the chevrons of service. Whether it is a patrolman or a car conductor, the bars on his sleeve mean years of service and duty performed."

So he went on to make the application to the pastor and parish priest.

And what he said in praise of his friend we can most justly say of him who spoke the words.

The richest gift to this diocese has been the ministry of Arthur Lawrence who for nearly two score years has exercised his sacred calling not in St. Paul's alone, but in Berkshire, in the adjacent counties, and the diocese at large. All who have known him have revered, admired, loved him; he stood for the best

things; he was a good citizen, a tender-hearted, considerate, judicious friend; a wise counsellor, a generous benefactor. He believed in and put in practice the Christian ideals. He was a faithful priest, a fond pastor, an humble Christian. Through the mysterious dispensation of Almighty God, his inmost affections were crushed in the winepress of affliction, but thence came an elixir of spiritual uplift to his hand, for the restoration of other stricken hearts, and the one dominant note of his preaching and his life was devotion to his Saviour.

Who can measure the extent of our bereavement, who can estimate our loss, as we think of Arthur Lawrence in relation to ourselves and this diocese?

And yet we are about to receive the Sacrament that our Lord ordained for the comfort and refreshment of His own. There we enter into a holy communion which assures us of the present nearness to us of our dead. Its bidding is that which has rung down the centuries through this service of the Church.

Sursum corda. Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto the Lord. And with Him are our own. There we rejoice to have them, while their examples remain with us to follow them.

Address

BY

Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D. D.,

BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS,

IN MEMORY OF

Arthur Lawrence, D. D.,

IN

St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge,

Sunday, October 3rd, 1909.

"I am come that they might have life."

The greatest gift to a community is a life.

When Arthur Lawrence came to Stockbridge, at the age of thirty, what had he to give to the village in the years of his pastorate, which lengthened out to thirty-seven?

He was of pure New England stock, of ancestry marked by integrity, patriotism and religious faith. His mother was a woman of beauty and charm, his father a man of good judgment and a keen sense of humor, who, setting out to be a physician, was checked in his profession by ill health, but as chairman of the executive committee of the Boston Dispensary, a writer upon medical charitable work, and the biographer of his father, Amos Lawrence, passed a useful life. So active were Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence in religious and church interests, that they were among the founders of St. John's Church, Jamaica Plain, and Emmanuel Church, Boston, and in later life Dr. Lawrence joined with his brother in the erection of the

Church of Our Saviour, Longwood, whence Arthur Lawrence's body was taken to its last resting place.

On account of his health, Dr. Lawrence passed some time in Europe. Through these travels and his education in a French school, the boy Arthur gained that love of travel and that cosmopolitan interest which went with him through life. He was, however, a typical and loyal Boston boy, and when he entered Harvard College, with an exceptionally attractive group of young men, he was of such handsome physique and face as attracted immediate attention.

Throughout his college career he steadily gained in character, and in deep religious faith. He was a good oarsman and active in all college interests. He became the most popular, and at the same time the most respected man in his class, being Chief Marshal on Class Day.

After a few months in business, his patriotism and Christian devotion led him to enter the Christian Commission, for the Civil War was at its height, and men were needed, not only as soldiers, but to give comfort and inspiration to the soldiers. He so gained the confidence of the officers that, although he never received a commission, he served in an unofficial capacity on the

staff of Gen. Howard, and was with Sherman in his march from Atlanta to the sea.

With the close of the War, he determined to enter the ministry, and studied at Gambier, Ohio, and in Cambridge. He first struck for the West, which was then in its crude and seething condition, and passed a winter at work in a mining town in Nevada. He was for two years assistant of Dr. Washburn in Cavalry Church, New York. A weakness of the throat compelled him to look toward a bracing climate, and when the call came to the Rectorship of St. Paul's, Stockbridge, he accepted.

Sometimes, when a town has received a great gift, or a supply of pure water has been opened to the community, the people express their joy in holiday and procession. Had the people of Stockbridge realized what Arthur Lawrence was to bring to the community in the coming generation, they might well have all gone out to meet him with joy. Endowed as he was with faith and strong character, a wealth of genial temper, and a charm of manner given to few, he came to the community to bear into it refreshment of life, comfort and inspiration. His marriage to Alison Turnbull Lawrence made the rectory a center of

happy and helpful influence which was felt throughout the village.

As we turn more directly to him, we note two or three salient characteristics. In the first place, he loved people, he liked to be among them, to talk to men and women and children from every path in life, and to learn from them. This enabled him to be the interesting traveler that he was. I never knew a man so easy in the making of pleasant acquaintances which often ripened into strong friendships. Until lately it was his habit to take his vacations in traveling, and into whatever place he went persons met him who never forgot him.

All of you know how he loved the hills, meadows and villages of Berkshire. Some of you know too, how strong his affection was for old England. As, however, I studied this devotion more deeply, I discovered that he loved those countries which had history; and his affection for Berkshire and England was largely due to the fact that he loved the people who had inhabited those countries, and who still live in them. Traveling with him, as I did, through England, I could see again and again how his interest in the Churches and castles and towns was really an

interest in those who had once lived there, or who lived there then. His fondness for the rural life of England, his almost romantic affection for everything that was associated with the streams of England, with the squire, the parson, the peasant and the inns of England was remarkable.

I remember well arriving with him at a stuffy inn in Chichester. The room where we sat was dull, and I went to bed. He, however, had caught sight of some long, clay pipes, "deacons" they are called, upon a central table, and immediately inferred that a few typical Englishmen would be in to smoke them; and to him such men were Old England. The next morning, when I came down, he was in high spirits, and showed me a trout fly on his hat band which had been given him by the Squire the evening before; for he had been rewarded for his waiting, and to his own mind entered the very heart of England and become a companion of Isaac Walton and all those who had whipped England's brooks for trout.

Some of you know that it was his habit always to carry with him a little pocket map of the countries through which he was traveling. He drew it out from time to time and kept his bearings with the localities

and the history of the country through which he passed as closely as a mariner makes his bearings as he guides his vessel up the harbor. Behind the hills of Berkshire and the meadows of Stockbridge, lived in his imagination the ancient worthies, Jonathan Edwards and the rest, and his own people whom he loved. I remember standing with him on the slope of yonder hill, looking down on the meadow with its line of willows, accompanying the river. As we gazed at the beauty, he looked at the roof tops of the village and said. "If those roofs could be lifted off, I could tell you the story of almost every family, the joys and sorrows beneath them."

We little realize how irksome the routine of a country parson as he makes his calls year after year, may become. He can only be saved from drudgery and mechanical temper by his love of the people and his desire to bring to each soul the Spirit of the Master. Arthur Lawrence had such love, and you, to whom he has ministered in sickness and trouble as well as in joy, well know the inexhaustible sympathy that he brought with him.

A day or two ago I said to a friend of Arthur Lawrence, "If you were asked to describe his chief

characteristic, what would you say?" He answered, "As I recall him, I remember a perfect gentleman."

A gentleman is one who takes people not as they are, but who lives in the ideal of what those same people might be, and who takes them thus. We are, most of us, somewhat stupid, narrow or uncharitable. A perfect gentleman assumes that we are intelligent, broad-minded and charitable and thus lifts us up to what we might be. It was thus that Arthur Lawrence touched and lifted the characters about him. He was subject to the petty slights of a country parson, and even to the grave insults of those bores in what are called the better as well as the lower classes. To only one or two persons, however, did he ever speak of these things. He had no ill will, he simply pitied the people who could be guilty of such stupidity, and where his charity and good judgment might not have been able to save him, his sense of humor could. Any village in which there is no sense of humor among a few choice souls is on the verge of civil war.

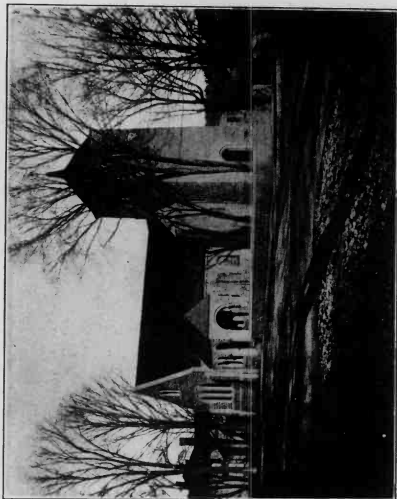
It was the combination of these qualities that gave him that consummate tact which was all the more beautiful for never being recognized as tact. His was the courtesy, the poise of a gentleman. Added to

those was his spirit of chivalry. I remember well, as we were walking through East London, we saw a crowd of men collected. It was an ugly company, and in the centre were two boys fighting. Dr. Lawrence's anger was up at the brutality of the men. He broke through the crowd, separated the boys, and then threw back his coat and told the crowd that they were a set of cowards, and ought to be ashamed of themselves, saying that if any of them wanted to fight, he was there. It was a dangerous thing to do, but the crowd separated, every one of them ashamed and a bit better for witnessing this touch of chivalry.

Arthur Lawrence had a singularly deep, simple and happy faith. We have all followed him with the deepest sympathy during these last years, as he has walked through the dark valley of sorrow, and we have wondered at his serenity. It is well that we should remember that he had days of popularity and success which might have undone him, as they have many another man. The same strong faith and humble spirit have carried him over the mountain tops and through the valleys.

Now and again it has been said that Arthur Lawrence buried himself in the country and was lost

to larger spheres of influence. As, however, one thinks over these thirty-seven years of subtle influences which have gone forth from him about this village, this County of Berkshire, and indeed in slender strands throughout the country, one thanks God that Arthur Lawrence was led to live and close his life here in Stockbridge, that he might give to the ministry and to the world an example of consecration whose test is not in recognition, but in a work well done.



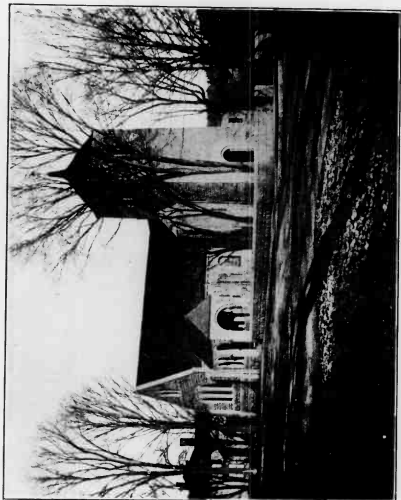
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Resolutions of Wardens and Vestry.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Saint Paul's Church in Stockbridge held on the twentieth day of September, 1909, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The Wardens and Vestry desire to put on record their appreciation of the irreparable loss which the Church of St. Paul's has sustained in the sudden death at Ipswich on the 20th day of September, of its beloved pastor, Rev. Arthur Lawrence, D. D., after an uninterrupted service as Rector for more than thirty-seven years.

Dr. Lawrence came to this Church in the year 1872, in the full vigor of his early manhood, and has been through his long and useful life very closely identified with the growth and progress of the Church, and of the Town of Stockbridge, and it is not too much



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to say that during all that time, by what he did here, and by what he was, he has impressed a unique character upon both church and town. The whole community has been enriched by his manly life and his inspiring example.

A man of high culture, of distinguished family connection and of independent means, he was content from youth to old age to serve his Master as the pastor of a village church, never seeking promotion, never disturbed or affected by the restless spirit of the age in which he lived. He was thus able year in and year out to do a vast deal of good in the community in which his lot was cast. Pure in heart, earnest in faith, full of the spirit of charity, and never seeking anything for himself, he exerted a rare and beneficent influence upon all with whom he came in contact, and the sacred and intimate relations into which his calling brought him with his people made him in truth their spiritual leader.

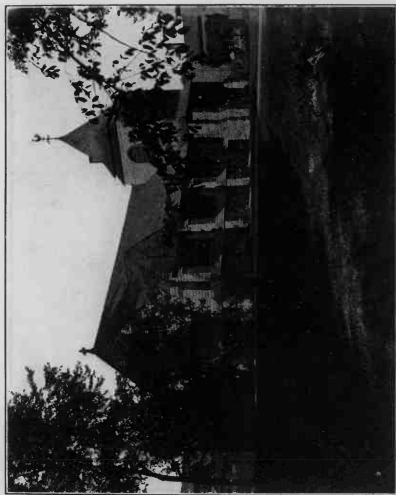
Patriotic and public spirited to a very high degree, he was outspoken on the right side in everything that concerned the honor and welfare of the Town, the State and the Nation, but withal so modest that he

could rarely be induced to tell of the very valuable service which in his youth he had rendered to his Country as a Chaplain in the Civil War, and of his honorable part in the historic campaign of Sherman's army.

The charities of the Church and of its members found ever in him a loyal and generous encouragement and support, he gave so freely of his private means to religious, benevolent and public causes that if an account were drawn up of his thirty-seven years of pastoral service, it would probably be found that he had practically given to the Church, to charity and the public all that had come to him by way of compensation for service rendered. He had a tender and affectionate interest in his brother clergymen in the same loyal spirit which dictated in his last will and testament a contingent provision for the widows and orphans of those who were disabled; in the happiest sense of the word he was a broad churchman never troubling himself or his congregation with dogmatic problems but always living and doing and preaching as if he believed that the chief object of religion was to make men and women and children better and wiser and happier.

The Wardens and Vestry of St. Paul's and the whole congregation, the town of Stockbridge and the Diocese and people of Western Massachusetts, heard of his death with profound sorrow and will ever cherish his memory with reverence and affection.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
DANIEL B. FENN,
ALLEN T. TREADWAY,
ALEXANDER SEDGWICK,
FREDERICK S. AYMAR.
Committee.

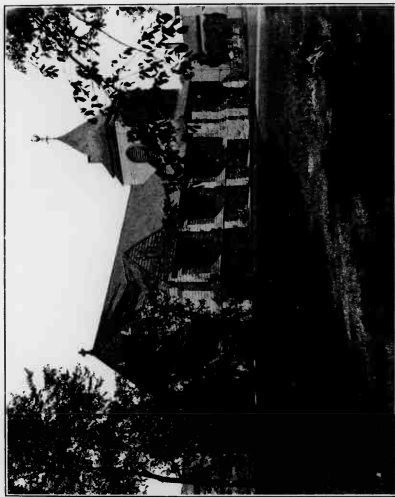


CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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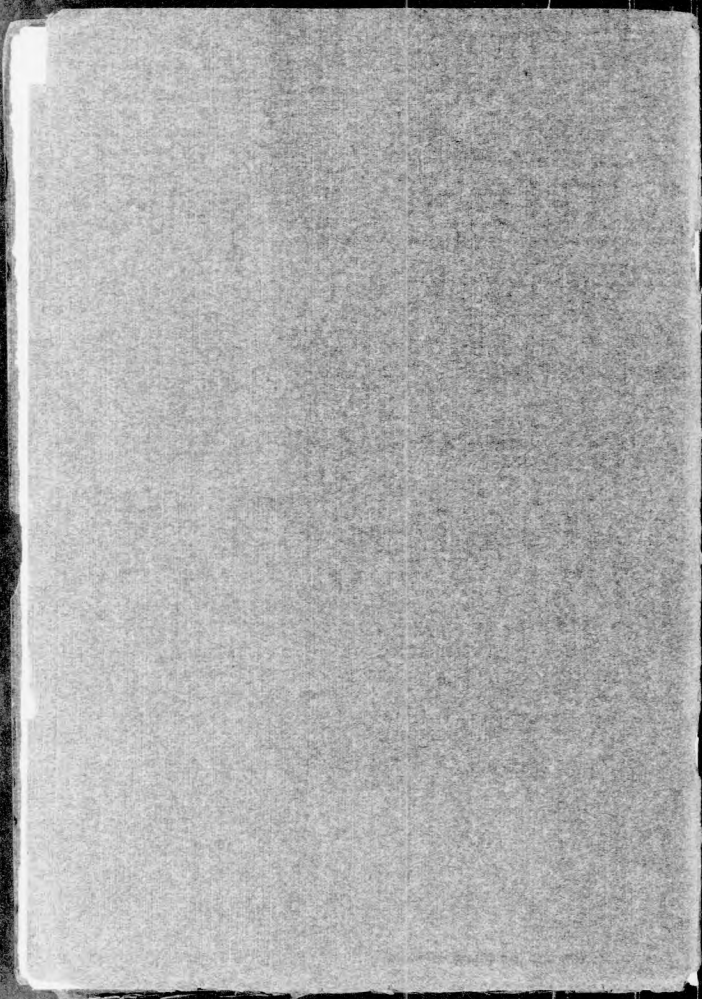
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CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.
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